A MAN THAT SUCCEEDED.

"My only daughter, sir," said Col. Monteagle. "And as I venture to hope, accomplished in her way. We are not much in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education!"

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly assorted pair—the silver-haired, shabbily-attired old gentleman, with his broad forehead, eagle eye and delicately-white hands; and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with a gypsy skin, untidy frock and patched boots.

Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possessed no sweet, feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Mary Monteagle answered in words, "Seventeen," while her looks replied, plainly, "None of your business!"

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the tumble down old house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, the furniture mildewed and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, and had her portrait engraved in a "Gallery of American Rosebuds," was sitting up in state in a battered boudoir, in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of century old, with a flower in her silver-sprinkled hair, and still preserving the girlish attitude in which the engraver's pencil had immortalized her, oddly contrasting with the sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way in which the old couple lived in the dead past as it were. Colonel Monteagle starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time had stood still since the days in which she was counted worthy to be one of the "American Rosebuds."

"Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest and touched the little hand-bell at her side.

"We will dine, Sarepta," she said to her maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly uttered the young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner. We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and—"

"That will do, Sarepta," said Mrs. Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her cheek-bones. "I said we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there was no cold beef, neither were there oysters. Fruit, a thin, watery soup of herbs and parsley, tastefully garnished salads of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream, formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself. "But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the colonel asked

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunset, I presume," the lady answered, airily. "The dear child has an artist's soul and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner, Mrs. Monteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir—and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there, a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browed gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Mary, darkly.

"I—beg your pardon!" exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I do!" flashed out the girl—"I hate it all! The learning and the purity, and the grand pretenses, and the miserable make-shifts."

"But—"

"Ah!" said Mary Monteagle, "you don't know it all. You never heard the tradesman howling at the back doors like a pack of howling wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears. How should you? How should you be aware that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coals that cook our dinner? Papa smokes his cigars and talks about the Mexican war; and mamma poses in the great chair, and dreams of embroidery work and tapestry stitch; and I—I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and ignore our wretched poverty. But I can't! Who could?"

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale, excited face.

"I am very sorry to hear this," said he. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Miss Monteagle, brusquely. "Something can be done—and I am doing it, in so far as I can. But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it. I am—learning a trade!"

"You!" he echoed. "A trade!"

"There's a factory near here," she said, calmly. "The country girls can earn a little pocket money there on shirts. I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it. I go every evening, while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to farmer Pelham's, whose wife teaches me the use of the machine. I am learning housework, too. I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread. Our servant can do nothing of the sort. But it would kill mamma to think that I stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary, hastily. "Because, living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it when—"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary. "Yes I know that. But until then, I would fain spare them the pang. I am to have a dollar a day, Mrs. Pelham says, if I operate the machine skillfully. And a dollar a day will buy mamma many a luxury, and go far toward paying the grocer and the baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton, warmly; and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, far-away sparkle of her eyes half veiled beneath the long lashes. "And if I could be of any assistance to you in this task—"

"You can," said the girl, abruptly. "You can stay here and amuse papa, so that he shall not suspect what occupies my time. You can divert his attenion from Sanscrit and Arabic, and all these mysteries."

And, for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle—a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton, heartily.

And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with old Colonel Monteagle the sojourn was extended to three.

At the end of that period, he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" he said.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who has conquered fate; "and then—only think of it, Mr. Crofton—I shall earn a dollar a day!"

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton, seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you. You tell me that this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you."

"I baked mince pie yesterday!" said Mary, exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt and made soft soap, within the week!"

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton. "Suppose now, by way of variety, you were to—marry me!"

"But you're not in love with me!" said Mary, opening her bright, black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity. "I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it. This is the business-like view of the question. Now on to the more personal one. Don't you think, Mary, that you could love me? Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I—don't know!" whispered Mary. "I might try."

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to the fair Floridian plantation on the shores of the river St. John, and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. And the two old people, with their burden of insolvency and care lifted off their lives, dwell quietly on, in the ancient tower-like house, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteagle, with dignity, "a musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and a proficient in Latin and Greek. I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing machine and soft soap, the mayonnaise dressing and the vehement struggle to get free from debt, which conquered Mr. Crofton's heart. There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in this world—but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?

Gen. Preston as a Wit.

General William Preston is recognized throughout the country as a gentleman of vast and varied information, a lawyer of ability, and a very entertaining and instructive talker. But it seems he is also a wit.

A short time ago he happened to be passing through Rhode Island, in company with the governor of that state and several other gentlemen, who made it a point to twit him with the barbarism of Kentucky.

"Yes," said the governor, even you are nothing more than a Kentucky savage varnished over."

Gen. Preston, of course, defended his state, and did it well. After giving some illustrations to show the superiority of Kentucky over Rhode Island, he said:

"There is another difference. Take the Conkling-Sprague affair. Sprague told the gallant that if he didn't go off his shotgun would, and Conkling went, but the gun didn't. In Kentucky this condition would have been reversed. Among us the gun would have gone off and Conkling wouldn't."

He Could Stand a Licking.

Salt Lake Tribune.

Yesterday afternoon a man from Park City came into the Clift house considerably excited and inquired if a certain person was stopping there. He explained that the man had done him a dirty trick and he was anxious to lick him. Finding that the man had just left the house he rushed out after him, and seeing him on Tribune avenue, walked up and announced that he had come all the way from Park City to lick him, and accordingly he started in. In a few minutes he had blackened both the man's eyes, walking all over him to a general wreck. When he had finished the job he stood the man up against the Walker's bank and remarked:

"Now, you—contemptible, lop-eared ——, I want you to understand that I consider you the most infamous whelp I ever saw. You dirty little cur, I——."

"Hold on," said the man who had just been licked, taking off his coat. "I think that after thrashing a man you've got no right to abuse him. I can stand a licking, but I won't stand abuse from any living man, no matter how much he weighs. Now I'm going to lick you."

He was as good as his word, and started in with the most business-like air imaginable and knocked the late victor into the gutter. Every time he got up he knocked him down with, "Blast me, I can't stand abuse." When he got through with the Park City man the crowd thought he was a pile of raps and mud.

"Now, look here, my friend," said the last victor, "next time you lick a man let well enough alone. Don't abuse him. You handled yourself well enough while you were licking me, but you overdid the abuse."

The Female Printer.

Gene Field.

Of all the occupations in which a woman can engage for the purpose of making an honest living, the most thankless is that of setting type. The female compositor leads a weary, dreary life. She is never permitted to strike a fat take, she is denied the inestimable boon of setting up the thoughtful matter which emanates from the editorial room, she is never reckoned capable of handling manuscript, and the very idea of her being competent to set up a display head is deemed atrocious. She is expected to hammer away at miscellaneous reprint; the only bonanza she ever strikes is solid minion with an occasional oasis of leaded brevier when the business manager concludes that advertising is dull enough to admit of the biggest kind of type. But this is not all—no, the worst remains to be told. When the work is done for the day, it is not with the female printer as with others of the trade. She cannot adjourn to a convenient and comfortable saloon and play pedro or sledge for the beer, or throw dice for five cent cigars, or jeff for the drinks She must pick her way home through all sorts of weather to a dreary room and a cold bed. She has no wife to beat, no children to scold, no furniture to break—none of those sweet luxuries which are supposed to be part and parcel of the glorious art preservative. As a classs, female printers are diligent and worthy. They never "sojer;" they never bother the editors for chewing tobacco; they never prowl around among the exchanges for the Police Gazette; they never get themselves full of budge and try to clean out the rival print shops; they never swear about the business manager, they do not smoke nasty old clay pipes, they never strike for more pay; they do not allude to editoral matter as "slush" or "hog wash"—in short, they are patient, gentle, conscientious and reliable. They peg right along for seven dollars a week, dress tidily, keep solid with the foreman, and last of all, when the female compositor gets tired of her treadmill, unceasing round of toil, she marries the best looking printer in the shop and then she becomes a verier slave than before.

Too Great a Temptation.

Some years ago a very fine echo was discovered on an Englishman's estate He was proud of it, of course, and excited considerable envy by its exhibition. One of his neighbors, who owned an adjoining estate, felt especially chagrined, but was greatly encouraged by an Irishman, who went over the land in the hope of discovering one somewhere. He declared himself successful in finding the most wonderful echo ever heard, and stood ready to unfold his secret for a large sum of money. The nobleman listened to the echo, and although there was something peculiar about it, he paid the money. An afternoon was set for his friends to come and listen to this marvellous discovery.

"Hullo!" cried in stentorian tones the man who had found the echo.

"Hullo!" came back immediately from the hillside yonder.

"How are you?" yelled one of the company, and the wonderful echo answered, in a suspiciously different key.

"How are you?"

All went well until just before retiring, one of the company, putting his hands to his mouth, cried, in a loud voice:

"Will you have some whisky?"

Such a question would discover the character of any reasonable echo. It was certainly too much for the one which had been discovered on that estate. Judge of the surprise of the party when the answer came back:

"Thank you, sir; I will, if you please."

The poor fellow who had been stationed at a distance to supply the echo simply submitted to too great a temptation.

A Story About Conly.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mr. Conly, the favorite baritone of the Emma Abbott opera troupe, has many friends in this city among the soldiers of the late war. His rich voice and store of entertaining songs served to break the monotony of camp life, and many were the southern hearts that melted undern the influence of his clear voice and delicate touch when a squad of whom he happened to be one arrived at a house where a piano was to be found. When Atlanta was captured and Conly and his friends were stationed at the left of the ill-fated but now prosperous city, a troupe of minstrels was organized, which gave the first performance which Atlanta enjoyed after the great disaster. The same troupe, made up of soldiers, performed at Savannah, and the recollection of these performances furnishes a never ending theme when Conly and his old soldier friends happen to meet.

The Girls Who Can't Sit Down.

Several of the leading dry goods merchants were arraigned in the Jefferson market court room to-day on the charge of violating the law in not providing seats for their women clerks. The proceedings were very farcical. Every merchant brought with him some fifty of his clerks to testify that they were well treated. Mesdames Conkling and Williams, who were the complainants in the case, objected to the girls testifying, because, as Mrs. Conkling remarked to one of the merchants, "You know the dear girls would perjure their immortal souls for bread, and they know that you would discharge them if they did not swear as you wished them to, and you also know that you would let them starve to death rather than to give them a crumb." The merchants were all discharged, no evidence being adduced against them. Many employers, rather than be worried by the people who have made it their business to see that the statute is enforced, are discharging women and putting young men behind the counters.

Hotel Life in New York.

As New York attracts visitors from all parts of the world, says a city letter, the hotels are well patronized. Some new features, however, are now introduced which show how wealth and luxury can increase the cost of support. Here is a Fifth avenue establishment, not intended for transient guests, but for boarders of the highest rank. It contains no single rooms, being laid out in suites of three or more. The rent is $40 to $160 per week. There are families at the Sherwood whose bill is $1,000 per month, and if the reader is desirous of getting rid of his money in an elegant as well as rapid manner, he will know where to take rooms. The Broadway hotels charge from $3 to $5 per day. Other houses rent rooms by the night or week, and the guests take their meals at the restaurant in the basement. Lovejoy, the originator of this system, became famous in his day and made a fortune. He charged 50 cents nightly for rooms, but at present the price is one dollar. In addition to this there are cheap hotels near Washington market, which are always full and are making money at a very handsome rate. They charge from 35 cents to 75 cents for rooms, and the guests eat in the restaurant These houses attract a solid class which only seek comfort and economy, and hence are willing to put up in the plebian precincts of Washington market.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald compositors struck on Saturday, and the following Monday, having organized a co-roperative association, publisherd a new daily, the Utica Press.

Beecher is the only Brooklyn pastor who does not call that place his home. He can no longer vote there, having removed his residence to Peekskill. He boards with his son while in Brooklyn, where he spends only a limited part of his time.

At Philadelpha a boy of 14 and a woman of 60, who lived together, proved their marriage by the following certificate: "This sertifys that miss margret raherty and mister john lennard is married by me to day febry 1882. richard white, minster of the gospel."

An Itialian paper announcing the death of a young lady which took place when, "the slanting rays of the autumnal sun were playing fast and loose with the quivering leaves of trees," says the deceased "had always a mess of luminous atmosphere around her as the natural barrier against incessent encroachments of sin and debauchery."